A N

EPISTOLARY POEM:

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY

LORD WILLIAM RUSSELL,

TO

LORD WILLIAM CAVENDISH,

FROM THE PRISON OF NEWGATE,

On FRIDAY NIGHT, the 20th of JULY, 1683,

THE EVENING BEFORE THE EXECUTION OF THAT VIRTUOUS AND PATRIOTIC NOBLEMAN, IN LINCOLN'S-INN-FIELDS;

Under the FALSE PRETEXT of his being concerned in the

PRETENDED RYE-HOUSE PLOT.

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M.DCC.XCIII.

TO

THE MOST NOBLE

The DUKES of BEDFORD and DEVONSHIRE,

THIS

P O E M,

RECALLING TO OUR

SENSIBILITY, GRATITUDE, AND VENERATION,

ONE OF

THE MOST MEMORABLE EVENTS IN OUR HISTORY,

AND

DESCRIBING, IN THE PERSONS

OF

TWO OF THEIR MOST GLORIOUS ANCESTORS,

ALL THAT

TYRANNY COULD INFLICT, AND FRIENDSHIP SUFFER,

IN A CAUSE TO WHICH

THEY WERE MUTUALLY DEVOTED,

IS

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY

THE EDITOR,

WHO HAS PERFECT CONFIDENCE THAT THE

ILLUSTRIOUS HOUSES

OF

RUSSELL AND CAVENDISH,

AS THEY

ACCOMPLISHED THE DELIVERANCE OF THEIR COUNTRY,

WILL EVER BE UNITED

IN THE

SUPPORT OF ITS FREEDOM.

ADVERTISEMENT.

TOWARDS the latter end of the reign of CHARLES II. WILLIAM, Lord RUSSELL, ſon to the Earl of BEDFORD, and anceſtor of the preſent Duke, was apprehended for a plot, commonly called the RYE-HOUSE PLOT, was tried and condemned the 12th of July, 1683; and, nine days after, on the 21ſt of that month, was executed in LINCOLN'S-INN-FIELDS. The crime of which he was accuſed, but which was never proved, was a deſign to raiſe an inſurrection, to ſeize the guards, and kill the King. But his real crime, never to be forgiven, was the famous Bill for excluding JAMES, Duke of YORK, a bigotted Papiſt, from the ſucceſſion to the Crown; which Bill was firſt moved and brought by him into the Houſe of Commons, and afterwards carried up to the Lords, where it was thrown out by a majority againſt it.

By the confeſſion of all parties, enemies as well as friends, Lord RUSSELL was a man of a moſt unblemiſhed character, of the ſtricteſt honour and integrity, generous and humane; in ſhort, one of the moſt popular and beloved Noblemen then in ENGLAND; and, to crown all, a moſt zealous and ſteady PATRIOT, who laboured, at the hazard of his life, to ſave his Country, then

then in the moſt imminent danger, from impending ruin; and who may be truly ſaid, if any man ever did, to have died a martyr to the cauſe of Liberty and his Country.

The death of this virtuous Nobleman, and that of the brave ALGERNON SYDNEY, condemned againſt Law, and without evidence, for the ſame plot, are in the train of thoſe tragical events, which mark the reigns of the two brothers with eternal ignominy; reigns wherein, by pretended plots, ſham conſpiracies, ſuborned witneſſes, corrupt and time-ſerving judges, packed juries, and even private aſſaſſinations, ſome of the nobleſt and beſt blood in the kingdom was ſpilt to pleaſe a bigoted Tyrant. It had, however, this good effect, that all honeſt men were inſpired with an indelible abhorrence of this accurſed race, and their tyrannical government, which, from firſt to laſt, aimed at nothing leſs than the total ſubverſion of our Religion, Laws, and Liberties, which paved the way for the glorious Revolution in 1688, and ſucceſſion of the illuſtrious family of HANOVER; under whoſe happy auſpices we have enjoyed more true Liberty than was ever known by any people; and who have manifeſted, by their reſpect for our privileges, that they make thoſe principles the rule of their conduct which ſeated them on the Throne.

THE

THE

EPISTLE.

LOST to the world, to-morrow doom'd to die,
Still for my country's weal my heart beats high;
Tho' rattling chains ring peals of horror round,
While Night's black ſhades augment the ſavage ſound,
'Midſt bolts and bars my active ſoul is free,
And flies, unfetter'd, CAVENDISH, to thee.

Thou dear companion of my better days,
When hand in hand we trod the paths to praiſe;
When, leagu'd with patriots, we maintain'd the cauſe
Of true Religion, Liberty, and Laws;
Diſdaining down a noxious ſtream to glide,
We bravely ſtemm'd Corruption's rapid tide.

Think not I come to bid thy tears to flow,
Or melt thy gen'rous ſoul for RUSSELL's woe:
No: view me firm, unſhaken, undiſmay'd,
As when the welcome mandate I obey'd.
Heav'ns! with what pride that moment I recall!
Who would not wiſh, ſo honour'd, thus to fall?
When ENGLAND's Genius, hov'ring o'er our iſle,
Inſpir'd her ſons with love of Freedom's toil,
'Twas then, ſpite of an abject, ſervile train,
Minions of pow'r, and worſhippers of gain;
To ſave from Bigotry its deſtin'd prey,
And ſhield three nations from tyrannic ſway:
'Twas then my CAV'NDISH caught the glorious flame---
The happy omen of his future fame!----
By nature bleſs'd, and perfected by art,
Thy head was clear, and Virtue warm'd thy heart;
Thy words deep ſunk in ev'ry captiv'd ear,
With pow'r that made e'en liberty more dear.

Whilſt I, unſkill'd in Oratory's lore,
My tongue ne'er mov'd but when my heart run o'er;
And then in plain blunt phraſe my thoughts expreſs'd,
Warm from the heart, and to the heart addreſs'd.
That ev'ry honeſt man might plainly ſee
The dire effects of hell-born tyranny;
Thus ſpoke my ſoul on that auſpicious day, *
When Truth prevail'd, and Juſtice bore the ſway.
So ſpies the watchful ſhepherd from afar
The rav'ning wolf, and makes his flock his care:
What though the ſavage crouch in humble guiſe,
And check the fire that flaſhes from his eyes;
Should once his barb'rous fangs the fold invade,
Vain were their cries, too late the ſhepherd's aid,
Thirſting for blood, he knows not how to ſpare,
His jaws diſtend, his fiery eye-balls glare,

* When he brought his bill into the Houſe of Commons for the excluſion of JAMES, Duke of YORK, from the ſucceſſion to the Crown.

While ghaſtly Deſolation, ſtalking round,
With mangled limbs beſtrews the purple ground.

Now memory fail!----nor let my mind revolve,
How ENGLAND's Peers annull'd the juſt reſolve,
Againſt her boſom aim'd a deadly blow,
And laid at once her great Palladium low!
* Degenerate nobles! yes, by Heav'n I ſwear,
Had BEDFORD's ſelf appear'd delinquent there,
And join'd, forgetful of his country's claims,
To thwart th' excluſion of apoſtate JAMES,
All filial ties had then been left at large,
And I myſelf the firſt to urge the charge.

Such the fix'd ſentiments that rule my ſoul,
Time cannot change, nor tyranny controul;

* When the bill was rejected by the Lords, Lord Ruſſell, with indignation, ſaid, had his father adviſed the King to reject it, he would be the firſt to move for a parliamentary impeachment againſt him.

While free they hung upon my penſive brow,
Then my chief care, my pride and glory now:
Foil'd I ſubmit, nor think the meaſure hard,
For conſcious Virtue is its own Reward.

Vain then is force, and vain each ſubtil art,
To wring retraction from my tortur'd heart,
There lie in marks, indelible engrav'd,
The means whereby my country muſt be ſav'd;
Are to thine eyes theſe characters unknown?
To read my inmoſt heart----conſult thy own----
There wilt thou find this ſacred truth reveal'd,
Which ſhall to-morrow with my blood be ſeal'd!
Seek not infirm expedients to explore,
But baniſh JAMES----or ENGLAND is no more!

Friendſhip her tender offices may ſpare,
Nor ſtrive to move the unforgiving pair;

Hopeleſs the Tyrant's mercy-ſeat to climb!
Zeal for my country's freedom is my crime!
Ere that meets pardon lambs with wolves ſhall range,
CHARLES be a ſaint, and JAMES his nature change!

Preſs'd by my friends, and RACHEL's fond deſires,
(Who can deny what weeping love requires)
Frailty prevail'd, and for a moment quell'd
Th' indignant pride that in my boſom ſwell'd:
I ſued----the weak attempt I bluſh to own----
I ſued for mercy, proſtrate at the throne.
O! blot the foible out, my noble friend,
With human firmneſs human feelings blend.
When Love's endearments ſofteſt moments ſeize,
And Love's dear pledges hang upon the knees,
When Nature's ſtrongeſt ties the ſoul enthral,
Thou canſt conceive, for thou haſt known them all!
Let him their prevalence reſiſt who can,
He muſt, indeed, be more or leſs than man!

Yet

* Yet let me yield my RACHEL honour due,
The tendereſt wife, and nobleſt heroine too!
Anxious to ſave her huſband's honeſt name,
Dear was his life, but dearer ſtill his fame!
When ſuppliant pray'rs no pardon could obtain,
And, wond'rous ſtrange! e'en BEDFORD's gold prov'd vain.†
Th' informer's part her gen'rous ſoul abhorr'd;
Though life preſerv'd had been the ſure reward.

* Lord RUSSELL was married to RACHEL, daughter to the Earl of SOUTHAMPTON, a lady of very diſtinguiſhed merit, and paſſionately beloved by him. During his trial and impriſonment ſhe behaved with moſt heroic conſtancy and reſolution; and when, if he would turn informer, and give evidence againſt the other perſons accuſed, he had aſſurance given of his life to him, ſhe, it is ſaid, greatly adviſed him to reject the infamous propoſal, ſaying, that though his life was dear, very dear to her, yet his honour was ſtill dearer. By her he had one ſon, great grandfather to the preſent Duke of BEDFORD, and two daughters. When he took his laſt farewel of them, "Now," ſays he, "the bitterneſs of death is paſt."

† The Earl of BEDFORD, it is ſaid, offered 100,000l. to the Dutcheſs of PORTSMOUTH, the King's favourite miſtreſs, to ſave his ſon's life, but to no purpoſe, the King being inexorable. Such virtue as Lord RUSSELL's was not fit to live in ſuch a reign as that of CHARLES II.

Let

Let impious HOWARD act ſuch treach'rous ſcenes, *
And ſhrink from death by ſuch opprobrious means.

O! my lov'd RACHEL! name for ever dear!
Nor writ, nor ſpoke, nor thought, without a tear!
Whoſe heav'nly virtues, and unfading charms,
Have bleſs'd, thro' happy years, my peaceful arms:
Parting with thee into my cup was thrown,
Its harſheſt dregs elſe had not forc'd a groan.
But all is o'er----theſe eyes have gaz'd their laſt,
And now the bitterneſs of death is paſt!
† BURNET and TILLOTSON, with pious care,
My fleeting ſoul for heav'nly bliſs prepare;

Wide

* Lord HOWARD, couſin-german to Lord RUSSELL, confeſſed by all to have been a man of infamous character, and abandoned morals, became informer and chief evidence for the Crown in all the trials, being aſked one day, when he was to have his pardon, he replied, "When the drudgery of ſwearing is over."

† The Doctors BURNET and TILLOTSON attended him when under ſentence of death. Not having thrown off the ſlaviſh doctrines of paſſive obedience

Wide to my view the glorious realms diſplay,
Pregnant with joy, and bright with endleſs day.
Charm'd as of old, when Iſrael's prophet ſung,
Whoſe words diſtill'd like manna from his tongue;
While the great bard ſublimeſt truths explor'd,
Each raviſh'd hearer wonder'd and ador'd:
So rapt, ſo charm'd, my ſoul begins to riſe,
Spurns the baſe earth, and ſeems to reach the ſkies!
But when, deſcending from the ſacred theme,
Of boundleſs pow'rs, and excellence ſupreme,
They would, for man and his precarious throne,
Exact obedience due to Heav'n alone;

dience and non-reſiſtance, then carefully taught and inculcated in the Univerſities, they both, it is ſaid, laboured to convince him, that all reſiſtance, even to ſave their country from the ruin which then threatened it, was unlawful; and ſtrenuouſly adviſed him to retract ſuch doctrines, and repent: but he could not be convinced; his better taught and manly ſoul abhorred all ſuch ſlaviſh tenets, and embraced thoſe generous principles of liberty, ſelf-defence, and the rights of reſiſtance to lawleſs and arbitrary power, afterwards adopted by theſe good men themſelves, and to which the ever memorable Revolution of 1688 hath given a national and perpetual ſanction.

Forbid reſiſtance to his worſt commands,
And place GOD's thunder-bolts in mortal hands;
The viſion ſinks to life's contracted ſpan,
And riſing paſſion ſpeaks me ſtill a man.
What? Shall a Tyrant trample on the laws,
And ſtop the ſource whence all his pow'r he draws?
His country's rights to foreign foes betray;
Laviſh her wealth, yet ſtipulate for pay;
To ſhameful falſhoods venal ſlaves ſuborn,
And dare to laugh the virtuous man to ſcorn;
Deride Religion, Juſtice, Honour, Fame,
And hardly know of Honeſty the name:
In Lux'ry's lap lie ſcreen'd from cares and pains,
And only toil to forge his ſubjects' chains:
And ſhall he hope the public voice to drown;
The voice which gave, and can reſume his crown?----
When Conſcience bears her horrors, and the dread
Of ſudden vengeance, burſting o'er his head,

Wrings

Wrings his black ſoul; when injur'd nations groan,
And cries of millions ſhake his tott'ring throne;
Shall flatt'ring churchmen ſooth his guilty ears
With tortur'd texts, to calm his growing fears;
Exalt his pow'r above th' ætherial climes,
And call down Heav'n to ſanctify his crimes?
O impious doctrine!----ſervile Prieſts away,
Your Prince you poiſon----and your God betray!

Hapleſs the Monarch! who, in evil hour,
Drinks from your cup the draught of lawleſs pow'r;
The magic potion boils within his veins,
And locks each ſenſe in adamantine chains;
Reaſon revolts, inſatiate thirſt enſues,
The wild delirium each freſh draught renews;
In vain his people urge him to refrain;
His faithful ſervants ſupplicate in vain;
He quaffs at length, impatient of controul,
The bitter dregs that lurk within the bowl;

Zeal your pretence, but wealth and pow'r your aims,
You e'en could make a SOLOMON of JAMES!
Behold the pedant thron'd in aukward ſtate,
Abſorb'd in pride, ridiculouſly great:
His courtiers ſeem to tremble at his nod,
His prelates call his voice--the voice of GOD!
Weakneſs and vanity with them combine,
And JAMES believes his Majeſty divine!
Preſumptuous wretch! Almighty pow'r to ſcan,
While ev'ry action proves him leſs than man!

By your deluſions to the ſcaffold led,
Martyr'd by you, a Royal CHARLES has bled.----
Teach then, you ſycophants! O! teach his ſon,
The gloomy paths of tyranny to ſhun!
Teach him to prize Religion's ſacred claim;
Teach him how Virtue leads to honeſt fame,
How Freedom's wreath a Monarch's brow adorns;
Nor baſely fawning, plant his couch with thorns:

Point to his view his people's love alone,
The ſolid baſis of the ſtedfaſt throne;
Choſen by them their deareſt rights to guard,
The bad to puniſh, and the good reward.
Clement and juſt, let him the ſceptre ſway,
And willing ſubjects ſhall with pride obey;
Shall vie to execute his high commands,
His throne their hearts, his ſword and ſhield their hands!

Happy the Prince! thrice firmly fix'd his crown,
Who builds on public good his chaſte renown,
Studious to bleſs, who knows no ſecond aim,
His people's int'reſt, and his own the ſame.
The eaſe of millions reſt upon his cares,
And thus, Heav'n's high prerogative he ſhares;
Wide from the throne the bleſt contagion ſpreads,
O'er all the land its glad'ning influence ſheds;
Faction's diſcordant ſounds are heard no more,
And foul Corruption flies th' indignant ſhore;

His Miniſters with joy their courſes run,
And borrow luſtre from the Royal ſun:
But ſhould ſome upſtart, train'd in Slav'ry's ſchool,
Learn'd in the maxims of deſpotic rule,
Full fraught with forms, and grave pedantic pride,
Myſterious cloak! the mind's defects to hide!
Sordid in ſmall things, prodigal in great,
Saving for minions, ſquand'ring for the ſtate;---
Should ſuch a miſcreant, born for ENGLAND's bane,
Obſcure the glories of a proſp'rous reign?
Gain by the ſemblance of each praiſeful art,
A pious Prince's unſuſpecting heart,
Envious of worth, and talents not his own,
Chaſe all experienc'd merit from the throne,
To guide the helm a motley crew compoſe,
Servile to him, the King and Country's foes,
Meanly deſcend each paltry place to fill,
With tools of pow'r, and panders to his will,

Brandiſhing

Brandiſhing high the ſcorpion ſcourge o'er all,
Except ſuch Slaves as bow the knee to Baal!
Should ALBION's fate decree the baneful hour,
Short be the date of his deteſted pow'r;
Soon may his Sov'reign break his iron rod,
And hear his people's voice---the voice of GOD!
Ceaſe then your wiles, ye fawning courtiers ceaſe,
Suffer your rulers to repoſe in peace:
By reaſon led, give proper names to things,
GOD made them men----the people made them Kings!
To all their acts but legal pow'rs belong,
Thus ENGLAND's Monarch never can do wrong:
Of right divine let fooliſh FILMER dream,
The public welfare is the law ſupreme.
Lives there a wretch, whoſe baſe degen'rate ſoul,
Can crouch beneath a Tyrant's ſtern controul;
Cringe to his nod, ignobly kiſs his hand,
In galling chains that binds his native land;

Purchas'd

Purchas'd by gold, or aw'd by ſlaviſh fear,
Abandon all his anceſtors held dear;
Tamely behold that fruit of glorious toil,
ENGLAND's great charter, made a Ruffian's ſpoil;
Hear, unconcern'd, his injur'd country groan,
Nor ſtretch an arm to hurl him from the throne:----
Let ſuch to Freedom forfeit all their claims,
And CHARLES's minions be the ſlaves of JAMES!

But ſoft awhile----Now, CAVENDISH, attend
The warm effuſions of thy dying friend,
Fearleſs who dares his inmoſt thoughts reveal,
When thus to Heav'n he makes his laſt appeal:

All gracious GOD! whoſe goodneſs knows no bounds,
Whoſe pow'r the ample univerſe ſurrounds;
In whoſe great balance, infinitely juſt!
Kings are but men----and men are only duſt;

At

At thy tribunal low thy ſuppliant falls,
And, here condemn'd, on Thee for mercy calls.

Thou hear'ſt not, LORD, an hypocrite complain,
And ſure with Thee hypocriſy were vain;
To Thy All-piercing eye the heart lies bare,
Thou know'ſt my faults, and knowing ſtill can'ſt ſpare;
Tho' partial pow'r its miniſters may awe,
And murder here by ſpecious forms of law,
The axe which executes the harſh decree,
Wounds but the fleſh, to ſet the ſpirit free!
Well may the man a Tyrant's frown deſpiſe,
Who, ſpurning earth, to Heav'n for refuge flies!
And on thy mercy, when his foes prevail,
Builds his firm truſt, that rock can never fail.
Hear then, JEHOVAH! Hear thy ſervant's pray'r:
Be ENGLAND's welfare thy peculiar care!
Defend her laws, her worſhip chaſte and pure,
And guard her rights, while earth and Heav'n endure!

Oh! Let not ever fell Tyrannic Sway
His blood-ſtain'd ſtandard on her ſhores diſplay;
Nor fiery Zeal uſurp thy holy name,
Blinded with blood, and wrapt in rolls of flame;
In vain let Slav'ry ſhake her threat'ning chain,
And Perſecution wave her torch in vain:
Ariſe, O LORD! and hear thy people's call;
Nor for one man let three great kingdoms fall!
Oh! that my blood may glut the barb'rous rage
Of Freedom's foes, and ENGLAND's ills aſſuage;
Grant but that pray'r, I aſk for no repeal;
A willing victim for my country's weal,
With rapt'rous joy the crimſon ſtream ſhall flow,
And my heart leap to meet the friendly blow.
But ſhould the fiend, tho' drench'd in human gore,
Dire Bigotry inſatiate, thirſt for more,
And arm'd from ROME, ſeek this devoted land,
Death in her eye, and bondage in her hand,

Blaſt

Blaſt her fell purpoſe! blaſt her foul deſires!
Break ſhort her ſword, and quench her horrid fires:
Raiſe up ſome champion zealous to maintain
The ſacred compact by which Monarchs reign!
Wiſe to foreſee all danger from afar,
And brave to meet the thunders of the war;
Let pure Religion (not to forms confin'd)
And love of Freedom fill his gen'rous mind!
Warm let his breaſt with ſparks celeſtial glow,
Benign to man, the Tyrant's deadly foe!
While ſinking nations reſt upon his arm,
Do thou, O great Deliv'rer! ſhield from harm!
Inſpire his councils! aid his righteous ſword,
Till ALBION rings with Liberty reſtor'd!
Thence let her years in bright ſucceſſion run,
And Freedom reign coeval with the ſun!
'Tis done, my CAV'NDISH, Heav'n has heard my pray'r,
So ſpeaks my heart, for all is rapture there.

To BELGIA's coaſt advert thy raviſh'd eyes;
That happy coaſt, whence all your hopes ariſe:
Behold the Prince, perhaps thy future King,
From whoſe green years matureſt bleſſings ſpring;
Whoſe youthful arm, when all-o'erwhelming Pow'r
Ruthleſs march'd forth, his country to devour,
With firm brac'd nerve, repell'd the brutal force,
And ſtopp'd th' unwieldy giant in his courſe.

Great WILLIAM, hail! who ſceptres could deſpiſe,
And ſpurn a Crown, with unretorted eyes;
Oh! when will Princes learn to copy thee,
And leave mankind, (as Heav'n ordain'd them) free.
Haſte, mighty Chief! our injur'd rights reſtore;
Quick ſpread thy ſails for ALBION's longing ſhore!
Haſte, mighty Chief! ere millions groan, enſlav'd,
And add three realms to one already ſav'd!
While Freedom lives thy mem'ry ſhall be dear,
And reap freſh honours each returning year:

Nations

Nations preſerv'd ſhall yield immortal fame,
And endleſs ages bleſs thy glorious name!
Then ſhall my CAV'NDISH, foremoſt in the field,
By Juſtice arm'd, his ſword conſpicuous wield,
While willing legions crowd around his car,
And ruſh, impetuous, to the righteous war!
On that great day be ev'ry chance defy'd,
And think thy RUSSELL combats at thy ſide;
Nor, crown'd with vict'ry, ceaſe thy gen'rous toil,
'Till firmeſt Peace ſecure this happy Iſle:
Ne'er let thine honeſt, open heart believe
Profeſſions ſpecious, forg'd but to deceive.
Fear may extort them, when reſources fail,
But, Oh! reject the baſe, the flatt'ring tale!
Think not that promiſes, or oaths can bind,
With ſolemn ties, a ROME-devoted mind,
Which yields to all the holy juggler ſaith,
And deep imbibes the bloody, damning faith!

What tho' to Heav'n the Bigot raiſe his eyes,
And call th' Almighty witneſs from the ſkies,
Soon as the wiſh'd occaſion he explores,
To plant the ROMAN croſs on ENGLAND's ſhores!
All, all will vaniſh; while his Prieſts applaud,
And ſaint the Perjurer for the pious fraud!
Far let him fly theſe Freedom-breathing climes,
And ſeek proud ROME, the foſt'rer of his crimes:
There let him ſtrive to mount the Papal chair,
And ſcatter empty thunders in the air;
Grimly preſide in Superſtition's ſchool,
And curſe thoſe kingdoms he could never rule!
Here let me pauſe, and bid the world adieu,
While Heav'n's bright manſions open to my view:
Yet ſtill one care, one tender care remains,
My bounteous friend, relieve a father's pains----
Watch o'er my ſon, inform his waxen youth,
And mould his mind to Virtue and to Truth:

Soon let him learn fair Liberty to prize,
And envy him, who for his country dies!
In one ſhort ſentence to comprize the whole,
Transfuſe to his, the Virtues of thy ſoul!
Preſerve thy life! my too, too gen'rous friend;
Nor ſeek, with mine, thy happier fate to blend!
Live for thy country! live to guard her laws!
Proceed, and proſper, in the glorious cauſe!
Whilſt I, though vanquiſh'd, ſcorn the field to fly,
But boldly face my foe, and bravely die!
Let princely MONMOUTH courtly wiles beware,
Nor truſt, too far, to fond paternal care.
Too oft dark deeds deform the midnight cell;
Heav'n only knows how noble ESSEX fell!
SIDNEY yet lives, whoſe comprehenſive mind
Ranges at large through ſyſtems unconfin'd;
Wrapt in himſelf, he ſcorns the Tyrant's pow'r,
And hurls defiance, even from the Tow'r:

With

With tranquil brow awaits th' unjuſt decree,
And, arm'd with Virtue, looks to follow me.
CAV'NDISH, farewel!----May Fame our names entwine,
Thro' life I lov'd thee; dying, I am thine.
With pious rites let duſt to duſt be thrown,
And thus inſcribe my monumental ſtone:

Here
RUSSELL lies
Enfranchis'd; by the grave:
He

Priz'd his birth-right,---nor would live a ſlave!
Few were his words, but honeſt and ſincere:
Dear was his friend, his country ſtill more dear.
In parents, children, wife, ſupremely bleſt,
But that one paſſion ſwallow'd all the reſt;
To guard her Freedom was his only pride,
Such was his love, and for that love he dy'd!
Yet fear not thou, when Liberty diſplays
Her glorious flag, to ſteer his courſe to praiſe:

For know, (whoe'er thou art that read'ſt his fate,
And think'ſt, perhaps, his ſuff'rings were too great,)
Bleſs'd as he was, at her imperial call,
Wife, children, parents, he reſign'd them all!
Each fond affection then forſook his ſoul,
And AMOR PATRIÆ occupy'd the whole.
In that great cauſe he joy'd to meet his doom,
Bleſs'd the keen axe, and triumph'd o'er the tomb.----

The hour draws nigh! but what are hours to me?
Hours, days, and years, hence undiſtinguiſh'd flee;
Time and his glaſs unheeded paſs away,
Abſorb'd and loſt in one vaſt flood of day.
On Freedom's wings my ſoul is borne on high,
And ſoars, exulting, to its native ſky.

FINIS.

For know, (whoe'er thou art that read'ſt his fate,
And think'ſt, perhaps, his fun'rings were too great,)
Bleſs'd as he was, at her imperial call,
While, children, parents, he reſign'd them all!
Each fond affection then forſook his ſoul,
And AMOR PATRIÆ occupy'd the whole.
In that great cauſe he joy'd to meet his doom,
Bleſs'd the keen axe, and triumph'd o'er the tomb.----

The hour draws nigh!-but what are hours to me?
Hours, days, and years, hence unaſſinguiſh'd flee;
Time and his glaſs unheeded paſs away,
Abſorb'd and loſt in one vaſt flood of day.
On Freedom's wings my ſoul is borne on high,
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F I N I S.

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